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The Yellow Horse

By H. I. CLEVELAND.

OF COURSE, she had to let him go to that miserable campaign from Siboney to Santiago, because of a lovers' quarrel. And now, heavy-eyed, weary of waiting, she was on the ugly beach of Montauk Point, waiting for the transport Seneca to unload its fever-stricken cargo from Cuba, a part to go to the hospital, a part to find bleak graves in the sands.

He was on board the vessel. She knew that. He and his companion rough riders were there. An officer to whom she had directed a piteous inquiry as to Hutchins, of Roosevelt's command, had answered:

"Oh, yes, ma'am, Hutchins is on board. If you don't know him when he lands just follow the first yellow horse that comes on shore and sooner or later you'll meet Hutchins."

So, with the ocean wave beating and bruising the lip of the shore, she waited, and in time the men came off the boat, but his face she could not find. Some of the troopers, when they touched American soil again, fell and wept. Others threw up their hands

THEN SHE TIED IN THE MANE A BIT OF BLUE RIBBON.

and cried out loudly. Still others fainted. Her eyes scanned every face, but all faces looked alike. Identities had been lost in that wearisome ten days' battling for a Spanish prize. Faces were marked with hunger, disease, premature age. Her tears fell for lack of the sight of his face—this man she had come from distant Utah to tell that she loved.

Her companion, an elderly woman, wearied of the place, but the girl lingered, having heard some one say the horses were coming off. And in time they were unloaded, and at their head was a sorrowful yellow, a horse with drooping lips, a melancholy eye and the framework of a mammoth. Cavalrymen made ready to drive the jaded beasts to the quarters in the rear of the rough riders' camp. The girl awakened from long contemplation of the yellow brute.

Hack hire was four dollars an hour in Camp Wikoff at that time, but this mattered little to her.

"Follow that bunch of horses," she said, quickly, speaking in the vernacular of her western world, "and don't you lose sight of the yellow one."

The driver, for a wonder, comprehended, and his outfit plunged into the dust rising in clouds from the hoofs of the herd and held the yellow in sight until the stable quarters were at hand. Then it was too late for her to remain longer, but she was partially satisfied. In the long ride back to New York city she consoled herself that the horse had been located if its owner had not. The next day she returned to the camp, and surprised various Texas and Indian territory members of the rough rider troop by appearing in their midst and asking for "Mr. Jack Hutchins."

A corporal told her that he was with his horse, but that he would call him.

"No," said the girl, "I will go to him."

She did so, despite the breaking of many regulations in the doing. Through the aisles formed by the tents she passed and down to where, tethered to stretched ropes, the horses were feeding. But the yellow was apart from them all, contentedly rubbing his muzzle into the face of his master, who lay upon the ground, eyes turned to the sky.

Now that she was in sight of Hutchins, now that she might call him, now that the tears and fears of a summer time were at an end, the woman in the girl asserted itself. He was safe and alive. Therefore, he might wait. She drew back in the shade of a tent, and there loitered for a time, feasting her eyes on the unconscious soldier, happy that he was within call. Afterwards she withdrew and spent the remainder of the day in other parts of the camp. She even returned to the city without having made her presence known to him.

One may think that the way of love can be bent to a straight course, but it is not so. This girl from the Wasatch and Uintah ranges woke the next morning with fever in her bones and delirium whirling the brain. She raved of a yellow horse, of Hutchins, and this and that, but no one thought to send for the man in question, and the days passed and she came back to life and regrets.

Thus it came about that as she waited for new strength she recalled the dispute in early May in which she had accused Hutchins of caring more for clash of arms and the streaked glory of war than for her, and of his answer:

"It is not a question of what I care for you, but what I ought to do."

He answered that question by enlisting, and she returned the little things that he had given her, and then woke night after night in her sleep calling for him to come back. Here, too, now was this dreadful sickness and the possibility that during it he might have slipped away from Camp Wikoff and her. The first day she dared to attempt it she was at the camp and among the rough riders. Hutchins was in the city. She found her way to the yellow horse, now quite fat, and he was exceedingly glad to strike up an acquaintance. She kissed his mane, his face, his homely ears, wherever she thought Hutchins might have caressed him. Then she tied in the mane a bit of blue ribbon—the kind Hutchins had given her in the past. Beneath that, and well hidden in the mane, she knotted one of her gloves, and then she went away.

This was on Saturday, and she learned to her dismay that the regiment would be disbanded the following day—Sunday. Hutchins returned from New York, and, as was his wont, being a strictly western man, went to his horse, and thus discovered the blue ribbon. It affected him much as the finding of a tiny shoe would the father of a lost child. He blew hot and cold inwardly, and all that had made him long during the heat of battle that he might be killed rushed away, and in its place returned tenderness and great longing for the girl he believed to be west of the mountain walls.

Now he tugged at the ribbon, striving to get it loose and wondering who placed it there. In doing this his hand found the glove, and when he brought that forth he yelled, capered about, hugged the yellow and understood. She had been there, to his horse; this was her message to him. But where was she? Inquiry of his comrades brought to him but vague descriptions of a lady who had dared enter the stabling grounds and pay extraordinary attention to Hutchins' yellow. He was left to wait for some act of her own that would bring them face to face.

Sunday came to Camp Wikoff. The colonel gave word to his rough riders that he would pay his farewell respects to them that afternoon. The time came and the event was a sermon from the lips of the man who had led them in battle. The men were grouped on the sand dune caps of the camp. A pitiless sun beat down on the tents. In the distance the national colors hung heavy at Gen. Wheeler's headquarters. The ocean was molten brass.

No altar was there save God's earth and the crown of His heavens. The choir was these young boys and old men gathered from all parts of the nation. They came from Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, the Dakotas, some from the Atlantic seaboard. Most of them possessed blue eyes. Their faces were beardless.

The colonel stood on a wind-riven mound of sand and spoke from the text: "Don't Get Gay."

The bullet-cut colors were flapping at his side. The colonel said the world was lenient to a soldier for about ten days after he was mustered out of the service. At the end of that time judgment would be passed upon him for his good or bad qualities—not upon his soldierly career, but upon his moral stamina.

"Therefore," he said, "be square and don't get gay."

A man from the Gila country flecked what he said was dust from his eyes, but it glistened like a tear. To the rear of the men passed a girl, in summer garb, and who moved directly to where the horses stood—to the side of a homely yellow western horse. She held her head high and listened to the men singing their regiment hymn. Up to the dome of the heavens rang the colonel's voice:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

In the gathering twilight the voices of Titanic men answered:

"He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."

Then together, leader and followers sung:

"His truth is marching on."

She could not resist the influence of voices and words—the tears came fast and fell upon the yellow brute. Thus she heard:

"Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him.

Then was silence. A trooper came out of the throng, came away from the colors, came to the sad-eyed yellow, by whose side the girl was standing. Arms enfolded her, kisses covered her hair, her face was lifted to that of another, and the voice of Hutchins, choked and broken, was saying:

"My girl."

Mere Opinion.

The children of the couple that were married in a balloon or in a lion's cage never put the romantic incident in the family history.

Nearly all great men are inclined to be bow-legged; but not all bow-legged men are great.

When a man gives himself up to one idea he lands on top or behind bars.

After you have told a woman that you thought she was her daughter's sister don't expect any favors from her husband.

They say you can't keep a good man down, but how do they know, since they never discover a good man till he gets up?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Philadelphia's Recreation Piers.

The city of Philadelphia now has two recreation piers, the second, 70 feet wide and 520 feet long, having been opened to the public last week.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

Graphic Account of the Record-Breaking Journey of the Australian-London Mail.

"Transportation," said a speaker recently before the international commercial congress at Philadelphia, "underlies material prosperity in every department of commerce; without transportation commerce would be impossible; those states and nations are rich, powerful and enlightened whose transportation facilities are the best and most comprehensive; the dying nations are those with little or no transportation facilities."

Then the speaker uttered these two memorable sentences:

"Trade follows the flag."

"Trade follows the mail."

If these statements be true, too great importance can hardly be placed upon the recent achievement of an American Pacific liner and of the five great railroads making up the transcontinental system between San Francisco and New York, of which Mr. Charles Barnard gives a graphic account in the "Four Track Series."

At the post office of Sydney, N. S. W., there lay, early in the morning of August 13, 1901, 367 sacks of the most important mail matter ever sent from Australia to England. There are two routes by which such mail could go. One is an all-British route by way of the Suez canal. The other is practically an all-American route, by way of Samoa, Hawaii, San Francisco, New York and thence to London. Of course, under the present arrangement, the last lap, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, is sailed under the British flag. The British route is the older one and also the shorter, being 12,500 miles, while the distance the other away around is 13,557, a difference of over a thousand miles.

That morning, the 13th of August, the American flag was flying on a new ship, fresh from the American ship yards on the Delaware. She was the best available ship that day in the South Pacific. The only thing to do was to place the important mail on board the new American, twin-screw steamer "Ventura," of the Oceanic Steamship company, which was done at ten o'clock in the morning. From Sydney the Ventura steered straight for Auckland, and entered that harbor on the 17th. Taking on freight, mails and passengers she again set sail, making for the beautiful and poetic islands of Samoa, thence for Hawaii and San Francisco. At seven p. m., September 2, she anchored at quarantine in San Francisco harbor, having made the voyage in 20 days and 9 hours. Had the Ventura been urged it is possible she could have arrived a few hours earlier and landed those precious mail bags that day. As it happened they could not be landed till 8:30 on the morning of the 3d. They were at once transferred by teams to the Market street station of the Southern Pacific (Ogden route), and at ten o'clock they began their eventful journey across the continent to New York, 3,388 miles away. The officers of the Oceanic Steamship company and of the Southern Pacific were naturally anxious that the mail should make good progress and were kept informed by telegraph of the progress of the train during that day and evening.

Suddenly the unexpected happened. The train arrived at Ogden, Utah, two dreadful hours late.

The mail was transferred to the mail car of train No. 2 of the Union Pacific. It was still late when it reached Omaha. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy put the single mail car containing his majesty's mail behind a special fast engine. It was a night run against time for No. 1086. On and on, 60 miles an hour steady. The train entered Union station, Chicago, at 9:08 a. m., on the 6th. Five hundred and eight miles in 555 minutes.

No. 6 is the Lake Shore—New York Central "fast mail"—the heaviest fast mail train in America. She had left at 8:30. That train had to be overtaken. A new special, two cars and No. 566, would try if it had to chase it all the way into Buffalo. At precisely 9:59:30 a. m. she pulled out from the Lake Shore station—and No. 6 one hour and 29½ minutes ahead. As the special ate up the miles, it became evident that she was making up the lost time. She would overhaul No. 6 at Toledo. Two hundred and forty-four miles in 265½ minutes. The thing had been done. The two hours lost 2,000 miles away had been made up.

At Buffalo, the precaution was taken to make up the New York Central's No. 6—the fast mail—into two sections, sending on those mail bags from Australia, together with Uncle Sam's mail, in the first section. This was the fifth and last of the railroad lines forming the route across the United States. The train pulled into the Grand Central station the morning of the 7th at 9:57—three minutes ahead of time.

The Campania sailed at noon, with his majesty's mail on board, 25 days and 2 hours out of Sydney. At seven o'clock Saturday morning, September 14, the Australian mail was delivered at the post office in London, assorted and ready for the carriers. Instead of the old time of 35 days and some hours by way of the Suez canal, it was done in 32 days less some hours by using the American route. This is the natural way from London to the South Pacific, best and natural because it is nearly all within the temperate zone. It crosses the tropics, while the Suez route keeps within the tropics, as torrid Aden testifies, as oClombo and Port Said warmly prove. The great run with the Australian mail settled forever the question of the speediest route between the new commonwealth of Australia and Europe.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

If the egotist could spare time to carefully consider other egotists, he might be cured.—Brooklyn Life.

Chappie—"Where's your chaperone?" Penelope—"Over there by the window—where's yours?" — Harlem Life.

The spinster carries a watch to enable her to husband her time, and the married woman for the purpose of timing her husband.—Chicago Daily News.

To Begin at Once.—Mamma—"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day." Johnnie—"Well, then, I'll eat the rest of the pie now."—Baltimore World.

Col. Bragg—"I've fought and bled for my country, sir; I've—" Alexander Smart—"Yes, but did you ever help your wife hang pictures?"—Ohio State Journal.

We heard of a man the other day of whom it is said that he is so worthless that he couuldn't buy a load of ammunition for an air gun.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Says a West Virginia poet: "I care not whether my work lives or not. I enjoyed the writing of it; and I've read it to everyone in reach!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Popular Songs Her Victims.—"Miss Holler says she thinks she will have her voice tried." "Well, if she does, the verdict will be 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GOT AHEAD OF THE OLD MAN.

Where the Camera Fiend Used His Skill to Something of an Advantage.

"It was simply bullheaded luck," said the young man with the red shirt waist. "Papa declared that it would be a warm day when he consented to my marrying his daughter, and, as the weather record had been broken several times after he had made that remark, I was beginning to lose hope. When all-the-world-to-me went on her vacation I went to the same place and put up at the same hotel. Now, papa-in-law-to-be is an old blowhard, and it made me tired—everybody else, too—the way he bragged about the fish he caught in former years.

Finally some one hinted that it would be a good plan for him to make good and give us an example of his skill as a fisherman. He accepted the challenge and spent three days in getting his tackle ready. He went alone, as he said he didn't want to be bothered by having any greenhorns along, and we waited with bated breath for him to return, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Now, I am something of a camera fiend, and late in the afternoon I started out to take a picture of a little wooded dell when the shadows were well down. I was making my way to the road through some thick brush when I discovered my daddy-in-law-to-be standing in the middle of the road bargaining with a small boy for a long string of fish. Quick as a flash I took a snapshot of him just as he was holding on his pocket with one hand and digging into it with the other.

"I let the old man brag around the hotel for three days about the fish he had caught. Then I showed him the picture, told him if he didn't consent to my marrying his daughter I would spread it broadcast over the hotel, and pointed out where his reputation would be. He wilted, gulped hard and surrendered. He isn't a bad sort when you know how to handle him."

HOW THE EYE SEES.

In Reading That Organ Must Be Absolutely Motionless Says This Professor.

By close study of familiar things, surprising facts about them often come to light, says the St. Nicholas. Prof. Dodge, of Wesleyan university, by a number of careful experiments, has made a strange discovery. He declares that to see, the eye must be motionless. Now that he has told us, it is easy to understand that this must be true. You cannot take pictures with a moving camera, and the eye is only a perpetual camera with self-renewing plates. The eye must stop motion while it takes a picture.

In reading, therefore, the eye does not move along the lines regularly. It takes an impression, moves to a new position, takes another still view, then moves again. Thus the words are taken by groups. Perhaps, following Prof. Dodge's lead, some other clever experimenter will now tell us just how wide the lines of print should be for the easiest reading. Everyone knows that very long or very short lines are tiring, so there must be a right length. When the proper medium is found, the chances are that we shall learn that the "old masters" of the printing art had chosen the best width for their pages.

One writer has argued that since we see words and letters in whole groups, the new method of teaching spelling—by entire words at a time—is the natural method. But this does not seem to follow, since there are other questions to be considered in deciding which is the best method for teaching children to spell. The old "spelling-match" at the end of school was not so bad a way!

The Practical View.

"What is your belief concerning the possibilities in the higher development of the intellectual life?" asked the tall lady with the convex brow.

"I believe in plain loafing and high living," said the gross animal, who had long since lost his waistline and his ideals.—Indianapolis News.

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

This Will Interest Many.

To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous Southern blood cure, into new homes, we will send, absolutely free, 10,000 trial treatments. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) quickly cures old ulcers, carbuncles, pimples of offensive eruptions, pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, scrofula, exezema, itching skin and blood humors, cancer, eating, festering sores, boils, catarrh, or any blood or skin trouble. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) heals every sore or pimple, makes the blood pure and rich and stops all aches and pains. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for thirty years in hospital and private practice, and has cured thousands of cases given up as hopeless. Sold at drug stores, $1 per large bottle. For free treatment write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives life vigor and strength to the blood, the finest Blood Purifier made. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a healthy Blood supply to the skin and entire system.